



(Concluded from *The Children's Tribune* of November 9)

SLICK wasn't sure who had stolen the watch, but he took a long chance on finding out when he saw what was about to happen. He examined the package minutely, smiled confidently, and as Miss Holmes, Mr. Raymond and Mr. Travers entered he slipped the package into his pocket. Selecting three objects from Mr. Daly's desk, Slick asked the three suspects to wrap

them up as neatly as they could. It seemed a curious request, but they obeyed without question. When they had finished Slick offered them to Mr. Daly, at the same time producing the stolen package. Mr. Daly shook his head doubtfully. "There's a certain art in package wrapping," said Slick. "That's why I believe that Sadie Miller wrapped the watch and then, fearing detection, slipped the package in Miss Holmes's pocket."

Slick Story No. 12—The Cow's Tale

SLICK didn't know whether he was in a brown study or a blue funk. "Spelling is a matter of memory, not education, and I hate it," he muttered to that most interested of all listeners—himself—when the telephone rang. He picked up the receiver and held it to his ear.

"Hello, Slick!"

Instantly he put away the speller. "Hello, Captain!" he answered. "Glad you called. What's up? The river afire or has some one stolen a march on the town?" The Captain's answer was sharp and clear. "I'd like to engage you professionally," he said. "Fact is, I'm up against a puzzle that I can't do"—Slick cut in on him—"So you called the man higher up? It's a wise detective that knows his own limitations."

The Captain's laugh threatened to break the connection. "Blest if you aren't right," he shouted. "Can you come over right away?" Slick pondered. He didn't like to slight his lessons, but he surely hated spelling, and then, like all good diplomats, he compromised. "I'll come over on the next ferry," he said, and hung up, plugged on his speller till he was sure he'd never master the thing, closed up shop and hurried to the police station to see his best friend, Captain Brooks, Chief of Police of his home town.

"Come in," said the Captain cheerily. "You're as welcome as a pound of sugar." Slick grinned. He liked the Captain's cheerful disposition. "Judging by the sweetness of your remarks, I see that I can be of service

to you," said Slick. The Captain dusted off a chair for him. "Sit down. You don't need to be much of a detective to see that. I'm up against it and I'm in dead earnest. If you can pull me out of this hole I'll give you a cow."

Slick eyed him narrowly, fearful, for the moment, that the problem on the Captain's mind had made a dent in it. "A cow?" he questioned. "And why a cow?" The Captain waved aside his smile as he lighted a fresh cigar and puffed for a moment in silence. "Because we are dealing in cows to-day. What I say goes. Understand? Pull me out of this mess and I'll give you one of the cows. You're up pretty high in arithmetic, aren't you?" he asked anxiously. Slick reassured him. "Up so high that it makes me dizzy to stay there." And he made a gesture of mock modesty.

"Good," said the Captain, breathing easier. "Let's get down to brass tacks. I had a letter from a lawyer, Raymond Hood by name. You know him?" Slick nodded. "Got a kid in my class. Stupid"—"As his father," the Captain finished. "Well, to cut a long story on the bias, Hood tells me that an uncle of mine died. Used to be up New York State. Was a farmer in a small way. Never had any family of his own. Died last week, and old Hood sees in the newspapers a notice that I am mentioned in his will. I'm to get"—The Captain stopped, a puzzled look crossing his face and the faintest wisp of a smile flitting about his mouth. "I'm to get some cows if I know how to divide them."

"Now, my Uncle Jake had no family, as I have said, but he certainly had a mighty fine sense of humor. Listen,